And ſo do good vnto the Realme of France.
Make haſt my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of truce I thinke is full expir'd.
Somer. I humbly thanke your royall Maieſty,
And take my leaue to poſte with ſpeed to France.
Exit Somerſet.
King. Come Vnkle Gloſter, now let's haue our horſe,
For we will to Saint *Albones* preſently,
Madam your Hawke they ſay is ſwift of flight,
And we will try how ſhe will flye to day. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Elanor, with Sir Iohn Hum, Roger Bullenbrooke a Coniurer, and Margery Iourdaine a Witch.

Elnor. Heere ſir *Iohn*, take this ſcrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the queſtions you ſhall aske,
And I will ſtand vpon this Tower heere,
And heare the ſpirit what it ſayes to you:
And to my queſtions, write the anſwers downe.

She goes vp to the Tower.

Sir Iohn. Now ſirs begin, and caſt your ſpels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame *Elnor* of the thing ſhe askes.
Witch. Then *Roger Bullenbrooke* about thy taske,
And frame a circle heere vpon the earth,
Whilſt I thereon all proſtrate on my face,
Do talke and whiſper with the Diuels below,
And coniure them for to obey my will.
Shee lyes downe vpon her face.
Bullenbrooke makes a Circle.
Bullen. Darke night, dread night, the ſilence of the night,
Wherein the Furies maske in helliſh troupes,
Send vp I charge you from *Soſetus* Lake,
The ſpirit *Aſcalon* to come to mee,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,

Aſcalon

Aſcalon, Aſſenda, aſſenda.
It Thunders and
riſe
ſpirit. Now *Bullenbrooke*
Bullen. Firſt of the King,
ſpirit. The Duke yet liue
But him out-liue, and dye
Bullen. What fate awai
ſpirit. By water ſhall he
Bullen. What ſhall betid
ſpirit. Let him ſhun Caſt
plaines, then where Caſtles
Now queſtion me no more,
He ſinkes do
Bullen. Then downe I ſay
Where Pluto in his fiery wa
Riding amidſt the ſindg'd a
The rode of *Dytas* by the Ri
There howle and burne for
Riſe *Iourdaine* riſe, and ſtay
Zounds, we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of Yo
ham,
Yorke. Come ſirs, lay hand
This time was well watcht.
This will be great credit for
That you are plotting treaſo
The King ſhall haue notice

Buck. See heere my Lord
Yorke. Giue it me my Lo
Go ſirs, ſee them faſt lockt i

Bucking. My Lord, I pray
Vnto S. Albones, to tell this
Yorke. Content. Away the